C-231-5-6

Northern Messenger

Killam 2nd

VOLUME XLIV. No. 33 MONTREAL, AUGUST 13, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Child and the Sea...

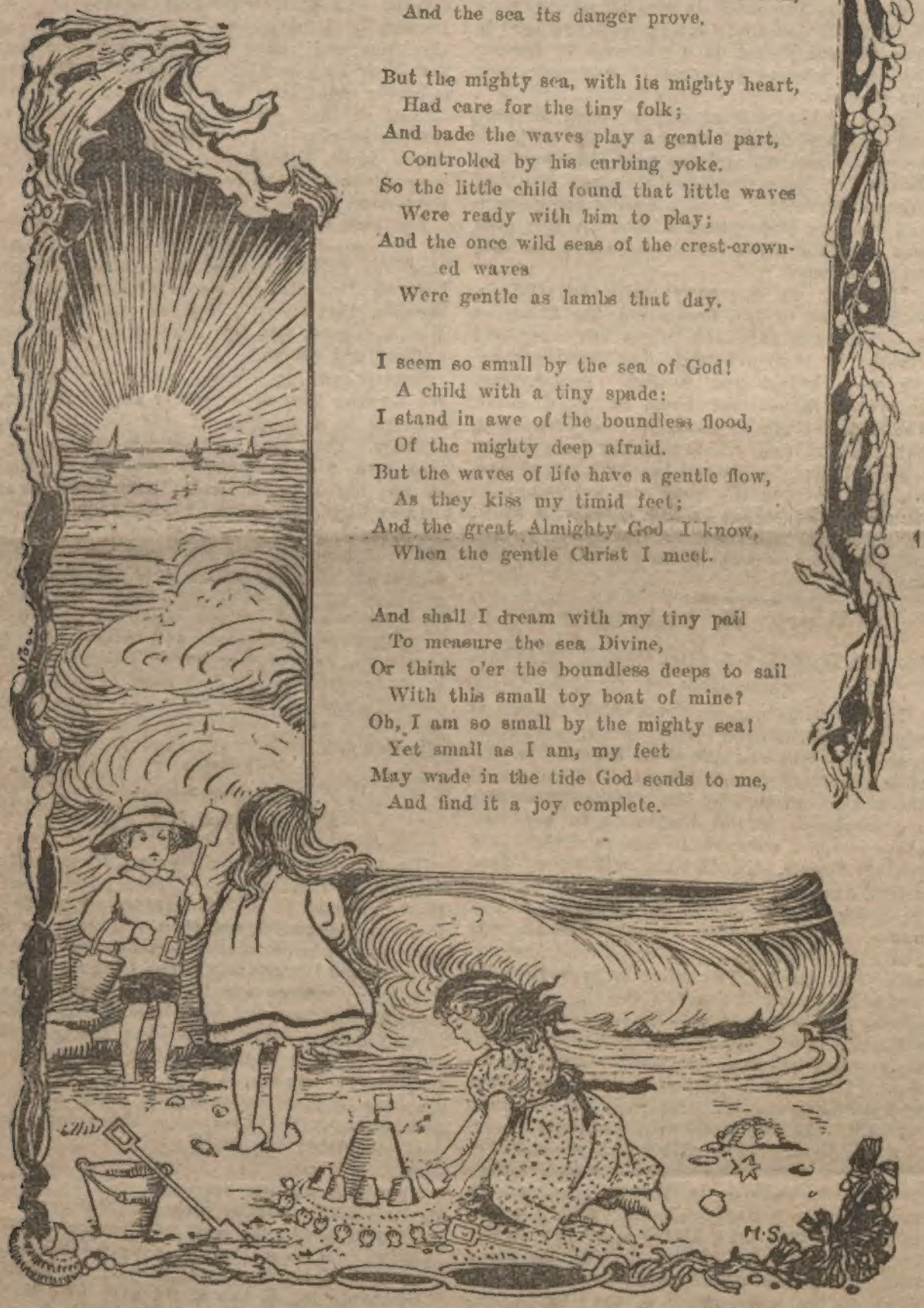
(William Luff, in the 'Christian.')

A tiny child, with a tiny pail,
Went down with its tiny feet
The beautiful broad old sea to hail,
And its waters vast to meet.
It seemed so small as my eye looked down
From the lofty cliffs above,
That I feared the little one would drown,
And the sea its danger prove.

But the mighty sea, with its mighty heart,
Had care for the tiny folk;
And bade the waves play a gentle part,
Controlled by his curbing yoke.
So the little child found that little waves
Were ready with him to play;
And the once wild seas of the crest-crowned waves
Were gentle as lambs that day.

I seem so small by the sea of God!
A child with a tiny spade:
I stand in awe of the boundless flood,
Of the mighty deep afraid.
But the waves of life have a gentle flow,
As they kiss my timid feet;
And the great Almighty God I know,
When the gentle Christ I meet.

And shall I dream with my tiny pail
To measure the sea Divine,
Or think o'er the boundless deeps to sail
With this small toy boat of mine?
Oh, I am so small by the mighty sea!
Yet small as I am, my feet
May wade in the tide God sends to me,
And find it a joy complete.



—From 'Father Tuck's Annual.

A Gift to be Cultivated.

Let all you possess of unselfishness come to your aid when you write any given letter. I often pray for help and inspiration just before I write. Throw yourself into the environment of the one to whom you are about to write and tell just what you are sure will interest, encourage and comfort. Else why should you write? Instead of using time or space for excuses and apologies, which cannot alter the fact that you have not written before, begin at once to write the beautiful, loving words which you expect to put into the letter. It is safer to write short letters when you have a sudden inspiration to do so, or the impulse to pass on something which is stimulating or interesting, than to wait for the opportunity to write a long letter which must then begin with an apology.

Two ministers lived in the same town. One was lavish in promises to do for others, and often forgot his good intentions. The other rarely promised, but as rarely forgot to follow up his good intentions with kind and unselfish deeds. Of one it was siad: 'Dr. — does apologize so beautifully,' and of the other: 'Mr. — does not have to apologize.'

Teach children to write letters of acknowledgement for gifts, letters to relatives living at a distance whom they long to see, to their own little friends, and to their elder brothers and sisters away at college. The seeds of gratitude, reverence and loyalty will thus be sown and nurtured, to spring up in them in later life into fair fruit.—New York 'Observer.'

Open Doors.

'If people would open more doors and windows, they would have less need of drugs,' said the family physician, repeating the axiom that is fast growing familiar to all ears and lips, however foreign it may be to all practice. 'There is plenty of fresh air outdoors, life-giving and free, so why insist on breathing over and over again the stale supply pent within four walls?'

Why do it with the soul any more than with the body? The more doors it opens outward, the more healthful, happy and active the spirit will be. To shut itself within itself, to breathe over again its own troubles, anxieties, animosities and griefs, great and small, is to grow morbid and soul-sick. There are so many doors that are ready to let in floods of fresh thought and interest, if one will but open them! There are doors that open upon other lives, with their needs and struggles, their hopes and fears; and there is nothing that will more effectually banish the malaria of one's own worries than a blessed breeze of sympathy for others. There are doors opening out on the world's great fields of movement and achievement, and to keep in touch with these is to keep the mind alert to the new forces, new discoveries, that are daily coming to the help of mankind, and to be athrill with a gladness and wonder that crowd out pettiness.

There are doors opening heavenward—never before were there so many of them,—and offering such glorious vision as now, when 'the world seems swinging back toward God,' and the promise and portent of the coming kingdom is everywhere. It is doors and windows opened outward that are needed to make the whole being healthful, and life worth living. —'Forward.'

Keeping One's Life in Tune.

Pianos have to be kept in tune. Every now and then the tuner comes and goes over all the strings, keying them up, so that there will be no discords when the instrument is played. Our lives have a great many more strings than a piano, and much more easily get out of tune. Then they begin to make discords, and the music is spoiled. We need to watch them carefully to keep their strings always up to concert pitch.

One way in which a piano is put out of tune is by use. The constant striking of the strings stretches them and they need to be keyed up from time to time. Life's common experiences have an exhausting effect. We have our daily struggles, temptations, burdens, cares, duties, and at the close of the

day we are tired, and the music our life makes is naturally not as sweet as it was in the morning. Night has a blessed ministry in renewing our physical vitality so that our bodies are ready with the new day for its new service. And the songfulness of life is far more dependent on bodily condition than we dream of. It is much easier to be joyous and sweet when we are fresh and strong than when we are jaded and weary.

But the body is not all. We are made for communion with God. We need also to come into his presence at the end of the day to be spiritually renewed. The other day a young woman, whose work is very hard, with long hours and incessant pressure, took a little time from her noon hour to call upon an older friend, saying: 'I felt that if I could see you for five minutes, for an encouraging word, I could get through the afternoon better.' What is true of a human friend is true yet more of God. If we can get a little while with him when we are weary, when our strength is running low, our life will be put in tune so that the music will be sweet again. We cannot afford to live a day without communion with Christ, to get his strength, joy and peace into our hearts.

Another way in which a piano is put out of tune is by disuse. If it is kept closed, its strings will lose their tone. It is the same with our lives. They keep in tune best when they are fully occupied. It is a law of nature that a power not used wastes—at length dies out. This is true of all our faculties. Musicians can maintain their skill only by constant practice. A great pianist said that if he missed his hours at his instrument for three days the public would know it; if for two days, his friends would be aware of it; and that if he failed in his practice even for one day he himself would be conscious of it.

If we would keep our life in tune we must not allow its powers to lie unused. We make the sweetest music when we are living at our best. An idle man is never truly happy, nor is he the best maker of happiness for others. We learn to love more by loving. We get more joyous by rejoicing. If we cease to be kind even for a few days it shows in the tone of our life as others know us. If for only a day we fail in showing kindness, our hand will lose something of its skill in life's sweet ministry.

A piano is put out of tune also by misuse. A skillful musician may spend hours in playing without affecting the tone of any of the strings, while inexperienced and unskilful playing jangles the chords and makes the instrument incapable of producing sweet musical effects. Many people so misuse and abuse their life that they destroy its power to give out sweetness. The consequences of sin are not merely the breaking of divine law; every sin leaves marring and hurt in the life of him who commits it. Every time we violate our conscience or resist the divine will we lower the moral tone of our being. In the song, the bird with the broken wing never soared so high again. If we would keep our life in tune so that it will make sweet music every day, wherever we go, we must shun the things that are wrong and do always the things that are right.

Musicians have a standard pitch by which they tune all their instruments. The standard for our lives is the will of God. The Word of God gives us the keynote. Our lives will make music only when they are in harmony with God. Jesus himself said: 'I do always those things that please him.' As a result, he said that the Father never left him alone. There was never any discordance or disharmony between his life and the Father's. Our lives are in tune just so far as they are in harmony with God's commandments. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' is a prayer for the lifting of our spirit into such relations with God that the communion between him and us shall be perfect and unbroken.—'Forward.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

We have heard recently some good news from the Orphanage at Dhar, having had the privilege of meeting a lady missionary who is home on furlough. Miss H. is stationed at Mernuch, but occasionally visits Dr. Margaret O'Hara's girls, and on one of these visits taught the girls rugmaking. They proved to be apt pupils, and enjoy the work. Miss H. says there is a spirit of real joy and good fellowship pervading the atmosphere at the orphanage. A casual visitor becomes infected by it, and the inmates have all come under its influence, with the result that their lives have become broadened and beautified. The love of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, has indeed arisen with healing in His wings for these children.

They read, write, and sing well, and received special commendation from the examiner this year in the above subjects, and also Bible studies.

Mr. Russell has leased an additional garden, including an old well, to supply water for the gardens, and for bathing and washing clothing. The well is built up of solid stone masonry, is eighty feet deep, and there are seventy steps leading into it.

We glean from Dr. O'Hara's letters that the girls are very busy assisting to clean out this well. Water is very scarce this year, and an extra effort is being made to get the use of it again. Oxen are employed to remove the water during the night, and the girls work in the day time passing the mud on one to another until it reaches the girl on the step at the top. In this way the mud is sent up and placed on a platform to become dry, and afterwards removed and put upon the garden.

Some of the girls go out to work morning and evening—two of them help Dr. O'Hara's hospital assistant, and are paid four rupees a month for their services (a rupee is about thirty-three cents). Suntra assists the matron and receives two rupees a month. The girls also cook and grind for the boys and are paid for their work.

Miss H., in company with Dr. O'Hara, visited some of the homes of the Christian girls, and was delighted to see how they had profited by their training. The cooking utensils were bright and shining, floors clean, everything about the home in good order. The work of our missionaries has been hard, but the toil and self-denial has been amply rewarded, and the leaven has only commenced working. We in the homeland are happy to have had some share in such wonderful work. Contributions addressed to Mrs. A. T. Taylor, 205 Maryland street, Winnipeg, will be welcome.

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

The New Institute at St. John's.

When estimating the 'pros' and 'cons' of what can be done to help seafaring people, no sensible person can afford to neglect the terrible consequences to that splendid section of the world's workers by the traffic in intoxicating drinks—it is not too much to say that every seaport everywhere has to deplore the poverty, crime, degradation, and misery that attend it—every centre to which 'those who go down to the sea in ships' resort in any numbers is infested by innumerable saloons and other posthouses that are almost inseperable from them. The sailor is in a town in which he hasn't a home. He is a man of strong physical passions. He has been 'cooped up' without any relaxation for a long period. He receives his money in bulk, usually on arrival. He is, as a rule, of a simple, generous and confiding nature. He finds it far more difficult than the more wily landsman to resist the blandishment with which the nets are set for his destruction—there is lots of money invested in saloons in seaports, enough to make them gay, flashy, cheerful looking, warm, attractive. The lure of the sparkling liquors in gaudily labelled bottles cleverly displayed with lights dancing on them in innumerable windows has made many of the best intentioned seamen forget the claims of wife and home, to say nothing of his Maker—and enticed him in to where he soon parts with his better senses, his money, his honor, his manhood.

It can no longer be contested that alcohol is essential as a stimulant or food—over 20 years' medical work among seafaring men largely in these Arctic waters has absolutely convinced me that the contrary is the case—and still further that the alluring exhibition of it, so that its material surroundings are made to create a desire for it, and almost a necessity to drink it, is not merely disastrous, but makes it far and away the most serious danger the seaman of this day has to contend with. It may not be wise to nurse our sailors like milk-fed babes, but it cannot on the other hand be contended that it is wise to assist by law, and to legalize the alluring of them to their destruction. Thus in the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, around the section of that small city with an entire population of 25,000 people, over 50 saloons are 'lawful' sources of the worst dangers to the very men the same law is spending large sums to save. Any man for private gain exposing lights that would lure a ship to destruction would be hounded almost off the face of the earth—but those who expose these dangers ten times more subtle solely to get easily from the sailor his hard-earned money hold their head high in the community. A comparatively large number of our race occasionally pray for God to save the sailor—a still larger number are ready in these days to send prompt pecuniary relief to him in time of distress caused by disaster from rock or shoal from storm and tempest; it is easy enough to satisfy oneself, if one has an unbiased mind, that all these dangers put together are a trifle compared to the dangers of the saloons and their attendant haunts of vice. Personally I have long ago been aware of this fact and have always considered any money or time spent in counteracting this evil is better spent than in say, writing to Lloyd's as one of their agents and giving them the correct bearings of a new sunken rock—well worth while though such work undoubtedly is, and one we have been able to tender more than once.

The best method to counteract them seems to be undoubtedly to supply still more attractions without the alcoholic drinks, as has been so successfully done in England by Miss Weston, that noble friend of our navy, and Miss Robinson, who has done so much for our soldiers and others.

Enterprises for seamen along the lines of the Rowton Houses are sorely needed in many seaports as a solution of this ever recurring problem. They have successfully demonstrated that men will patronize houses where there is no liquor sold, and that their clean surroundings are sobering influences, making them want to be clean and sober—and that they can keep so. We have just raised a sum of $80,000 to afford in St. John's just such a provision as we think we should like made for ourselves and for our husbands and boys, if we were in their places and obliged to come in after a long voyage on the Labrador coast or on the Grand Banks—a place to play in—a place to rest—to get one's kit washed and mended—a place that shall be a message of affection which is more than many words.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Religious News.

The Chinese of the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg have paid $1,000 for a plot of ground in Tirhoi, Canton, China, their home neighborhood, and on it will erect a mission church, to be maintained by them in the interests of Christianity. The Chinese of this Pittsburg church are 300 in number, and among them are the most wealthy of Pittsburg Chinese. For more than thirty years there has been a colony of Chinese in this fashionable church, several of them being teachers in the Sunday-school. One of their number, sent to China some time since, has just completed the deal.

Preaching on the Twenty-third Psalm, Dr. O. P. Gifford remarks thus practically:

Do you know the peril of American Christianity? It is a type of religious life that robs God of the fleece. Last year 150,000,000 Protestants in all the world gave $17,000,000 to foreign missions, and the liquor dealers in the State of New York, ministering to 8,000,000 people, gave $17,000,000 for licenses; and that was a part of the first investment. One State investing $17,000,000 in one year for the privilege of selling liquor, and Christendom giving Jesus Christ $17,000,000 to evangelize the world!

France has a population of 39,000,000. Of these there are not more than 650,000 Protestants, and allowing for Jews and other non-Christian sects, there remain about 38,000,000 nominal Roman Catholics, but the priests themselves confess that at the outside not more than 4,000,000 can be said to be follow-

(Continued on page 11.)

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1909.

Paul's Third Missionary Journey—The Riot at Ephesus.

Acts xix., 25-30, 35-41. Memory verses, 26. Read Acts xix., 23; xx., 1.

Golden Text.

He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—II. Cor. xii., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 16.—Acts xix., 23-31.
Tuesday, August 17.—Acts xix., 32; xx., 1.
Wednesday, August 18.—Isa. lxiv., 9-19.
Thursday, August 19.—Psalm cxv.
Friday, August 20.—I. Cor., xvi., 1-9.
Saturday, August 21.—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Sunday, August 22.—Eph. vi., 10-20.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Does any one remember the name of the city where Paul was working in our lesson last Sunday? It was Ephesus, a great and important city, and, as the last verse in our lesson said, Paul was doing a great deal of good work there, for, mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed.' What does 'prevail' mean? It means getting the victory in a struggle, doesn't it? Suppose Ted and Jack were to have a wrestling match and one got the other down on the floor so that he couldn't get up until he was allowed to, that one would have 'prevailed.' That verse we mentioned said 'the word of God . . . prevailed, What was the word of God struggling against? Against all the evil and misery and sin in that city. Are evil and misery and sin strong? Yes, indeed, and they fought and struggled so that at one time it looked as though they were going to get the victory after all. Now just as God used Paul and the other Christians to work for the good, so sin and evil had to work through men. You know Satan uses some people to work for him just as God uses others. Now in Ephesus there was a great big beautiful temple built to the godess Diana, and people used to worship her there, coming from all over the world for that purpose. Then when they went back to their homes they wanted to take back with them what we call 'souvenirs' of the temple and the great goddess, and some of them wanted to take offerings of little silver things in to leave in the temple, so there were a great many men in Ephesus who made these little 'souvenirs' and offerings and got a good living by selling them. But by-and-by so many people became Christians that they found they were not selling nearly so many 'souvenirs' of the goddess as they used to do and so one man named Demetrius started a riot against Paul.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Following the events of last Sunday's lesson, in all probability Paul wrote his first letter to the Corinthians partly to tell them of his own intended visit as mentioned in verse 21, partly in sharp reproof for some evils which were being permitted in the church at Corinth under the name of 'liberty,' and to show them the folly of dividing the church over the claims of any leader, and partly to assure a fitting reception for Timothy his advance messenger (verse 22) and to avoid any delay or discussion over money matters when he should come. All this is evident from a glance over the chapters, and in the first few verses of the last chapter of the epistle, and is of interest as showing how full of plans and energy Paul was at this time in Ephesus. He, indeed, planned for a longer stay in that city than he was permitted to make (I. Cor. xvi., 8), and in consequence of the riot of to-day's lesson he started earlier on his Macedonian trip. He seems to have been working not only in the city itself at this time, but also in outlying districts as Luke mentions 'Asia' (verse 22) rather than merely Ephesus as his field of work, and Demetrius in his attack on Paul, speaks to the same purpose (verse 26). The growth of the work was most encouraging to the apostle, that is evident from his own words (I. Cor. xvi., 9), and from the involuntary testimony given by Demetrius. Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen were touched in the most tender of all spots with them, the pocket. They would evidently have cared little who or what the Christians worshipped had they gone on obeying the shrines as usual, but they had the cunning to put before the people the plea that would excite. So, with the trouble at Philippi (Acts xvi., 19-22), and so in by far the greatest number of mob uprisings,—they are brought about by unscrupulous men for their own purposes under cover of some motive high in the esteem of the people, and, as in this case, very often the greater number in the crowd could give no real reason for the gathering. Paul was all eagerness to join his friends in their difficulty, but he was also amenable to reason, and the advice of Christian brethren and of heathen friends prevailed (verses 30, 31). The mob had to tire itself out before reason could have its way; then the foolish crowd were dismissed like children, but Demetrius and the others may have considered that their end was gained, for Paul found it wisest to withdraw. It was not Paul, however, but the truth against which they were arrayed, and that could never be conquered. Diana, 'whom all Asia, and the world worshippeth,' claims now no votaries, and the religion of which Paul was the apostle is spreading its life-giving waters continually further over every land. A question arising from the lesson is—'how far to-day do vested interests seek to block the true religion and its logical results? What about the liquor traffic in this connection?'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Paul's Companions in Ephesus were Timothy, Titus (II. Cor. vii., 13, 14), Stephanas, Fortunatus, Apollos (I. Cor. xvi., 12, 17), Aquila, Priscilla, Chloe (I. Cor. i., 11), Gaius, Aristarchus, and Achaicus.

The crowning glory of Ephesus was the great temple of Artemis or Diana, one of the seven great wonders of the world, whose magnificence has been a marvel ever since. It glittered in brilliant beauty at the head of the harbor, and it was said that the sun saw nothing in his course more magnificent than Diana's temple. Made of the purest marble, upon substantial foundations, which in that marshy ground were at once costly and essential, it confronted the mariner immediately at the landing place. It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty broad; its columns of Parian marble were sixty feet high, and thirty-six of them were magnificently carved. The porticoes in front and rear consisted each of thirty-two columns, eight abreast and four deep, and around the sides were two rows, the entire number of columns, one hundred and twenty-seven, being given each one by a king. The hall was adorned with the most wonderful statuary and paintings.—Lyman Abbot.

Verse 24. 'A certain man named Demetrius.' Probably the head of the whole guild of shrine makers. There has lately been discovered at Ephesus a stone, now in the British Museum, on which is engraved an inscription concerning a certain Demetrius belonging to about the same date as the events here described, A.D. 50-60, presumably an influential and wealthy man. Canon Hicks's Ancient Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, vol. iii.

The shrines were often set up in their homes as objects of worship, and when carried about upon the person, were looked on as charms or amulets which had the power to avert diseases and other dangers from the bearers.'—Professor Schaff. They were used as dedicatory offerings to the goddess, and placed in her temple, as now in many places in Europe such offerings are placed around the image of the Virgin Mary as thank offerings for favors, or peace offerings in hopes of answer to petitions. They were purchased by pilgrims to the temple, just as rosaries and images of the Virgin are bought by pilgrims to Lourdes, or bronze models of Trajan's column or of the Colonne Vendome by tourists to Rome or Paris.—Prof. M. R. Vincent.

Verse 39. 'The regular assembly.' As M. Levy says, the Roman officials exercised the right themselves to summon a meeting of the Assembly whenever they pleased, and he also considers that distinct authorization by the Roman officials was required before an assembly could be legally summoned. Now, as we have already seen, the imperial government was very jealous of the right of popular assemblies. We may therefore conclude with confidence that the Roman officials were unlikely to give leave for any assembly beyond that certain regular number which was agreed upon and fixed beforehand. Thus the 'regular' assemblies had come to be practically equivalent to the 'lawful' assemblies; the extraordinary assemblies called by the officers of the city, which in the Greek period had been legal, were now disallowed and illegal, and extraordinary assemblies were now only summoned by Roman officials. It was, therefore, necessary for Demetrius to wait until the next regular assembly, before he could have any opportunity of legally bringing any business before the people.—W. M. Ramsay, in the 'Expositor.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 22.—Topic—Obedience to parents. Eph. vi., 1, 2.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 16.—Unanswered prayer. Deut. iii., 23-29.

Tuesday, August 17.—According to His will. John xiv., 13, 14; xv., 7, 16; xvi., 23-27; I. John v., 14.

Wednesday, August 18.—Christ's definite way. Mark ii., 20-26.

Thursday, August 19.—A powerful prayer. Jas. v., 13-18.

Friday, August 20.—When to pray. Eph. vi., 18; Heb. iv., 16.

Saturday, August 21.—A model prayer. Eph. iii., 14-19.

Sunday, August 22.—Topic—Two prayer lessons. Matt. vi., 5, 6; xviii., 19, 20.

Needed a Sense of Proportions

I remember once reading of a gift to the Lord's work placed on the collection plate at the Sabbath service. The incident ran something in this wise: The giver had slept upon a bed of ease in a home of comfort; he had partaken with a wholesome appetite of goodly food and he put a nickel on the collection plate.

He had been prospered in business during the week—yet he put a nickel on the plate.

He had enjoyed pleasures for which he had unhesitatingly paid a good fee—yet he put a nickel on the plate.

He had long professed his love for the Father of all, in whose name the offering had been asked—yet he dropped a nickel on the plate.

He had declared his belief in the great Creator by whose power the earth had been fashioned, who made the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand—and he dropped a nickel in to support the church militant. And what is the church militant? The church militant is the church that represents upon the earth the church triumphant of the great God, to whom the man gave the nickel.

And the man knowing this put his hand in his pocket and picked out the nickel and gave it to the Lord.

And the Lord being gracious and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man wasn't.

The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by the poor woman who washes for a living.—'The Home Mission Monthly.'

If you can't help, don't hinder. If you can't smile, don't frown. There are plenty to scold, scowl and discourage.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

How many of the league members have noticed that it is just over a year since the Royal League of Kindness 'reopened for business,' as a merchant would say? We are very pleased to see how earnest the members have been and to note, too, that we have received just about one member for every day in that year, and that although they came in rather slowly at first. We have to welcome nine new members this week, so we keep strengthening our ranks all the time. The new names for our list are: John McFee, Donald McFee, and Agnes Patton, R., P. Que.; Norma Cox and Amelia Cox, C.S., N.S.; Edith E. Howell, O.S., Ont.; Jean E. Cowell, P.A., Sask.; Libbie M. Boyles, G., Ont., and Jeanie E. Smith, M., Ont.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have only one pet, and that is a bantam hen about nine years old. Mamma reads the 'Messenger' to me and my sister and brother, and we enjoy it very much. We always get her to turn to the letter page first. There are some very nice drawings and letters. I am going to pick lots of strawberries to sell thus summer.

JANIE SOBEY.

R. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old, living on a large farm of 18 hundred acres. We have over one hundred turkeys, ducks, and chickens. I have never taken the 'Messenger,' but Aunt Sophia is here and she takes it, and I read it and like it very much. My mother says I can take it myself.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and go to school nearly every day. I am eight years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday that I can. We are going to have a picnic, and expect to have a nice time. There will be races for the Sunday school scholars, and some singing and speaking for the older ones. There will also be a gasoline launch, so we can go for a boat ride on the lake, and a candy booth.

EDITH CALNAN.

S. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old, and I live by the seashore. My big brother and papa are away, and mamma and my baby brother and I are alone this summer. I go to school every day that it is fit, and have a mile to walk to school and to Sunday School. I never have written to the 'Messenger' before, but as I have been interested in reading the boys' and girls' letters, I thought I would write too.

EDITH FREEMAN.

Upper Stewiacke, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen only one letter from this valley, so I thought I would write and send a drawing. We are having holidays now. My father drives the Brookfield mail. I have one pet, a large, gray pussycat. Stewiacke is very beautiful at this time of the year. The elm trees are very plentiful here. I think they are our prettiest tree. The farmers have begun haying, and we hear again the cheerful sound of the mower. I think the R. L. of K. is a fine league, and I am going to sign its pledge.

'SNOWFLAKE.'

V. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This being my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I must not make it very long. I will be ten next month. I expect to go out to the country for a week's visit. I have just got over tonsilitis and am not very strong yet. I passed my promotion examination and am now in the junior fourth. My eldest sister, who is fifteen, attends the Ottawa Conservatory of Music. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and wish it great success.

LORENA J. CROSS.

Munro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' a great number of years. I live on a farm and have one pet, a cat, named Timmie. At school I am in the senior second class. I am a little girl eight years old.

PRUE.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I wish the 'Messenger' came every day instead of every week. I live on a large farm, and my father is a farmer. We have a large herd of cattle and keep sheep also. We keep poultry, but not on a large scale. My father is very busy haying now.

MURRAY KINSMAN.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Murray. —Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Kenneth C. (age 8), D., Ont.
2. 'The Artist.' Annie Kreiss, A., Ont.
3. 'A Pitcher.' Lorena J. Cross, V.H., Ont.
4. 'A House.' Mildred L. Lewis (age 13), L., N.S.
5. 'The "Two Sisters."' Guy Russell (age 12), H., N.B.
6. 'A Scene.' Hattie M. Ball (age 8), V.H., Ont.
7. 'Who's Coming?' Ethel Law (age 10), S., B.C.
8. 'Greetings.' 'Snowflake,' Upper Stewiacke, N.S.

BOYS! REMEMBER OUR SUMMER COMPITION!

A Short, Sharp Snap! Seize It!

All boy or girl readers are invited to enter our summer competition for the largest total sales of the July and August issues of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents a copy.

Only orders received up to August 20 will be counted so that the results may be announced early in September.

A NEW yearly subscription to the 'Pictorial,' sent at $1.00, for Canada (outside Montreal), will count as ten copies sold.

Competitors will be divide into four classes, and there will be one prize in each class.

CLASS 1.—Boys (or girls) living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia.

CLASS 2.—Boys (or girls) living in Ontario and Quebec (Montreal excepted.)

CLASS 3.—Boys (or girls) living in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or Newfoundland.

CLASS 4.—Boys (or girls) who have not won a prize in one of the other classes and who live in any part of Canada in country places having not over 1,000 population.

The largest total sales for July and August in each class gets the prize.

The prize in each class will be your choice of the following:—

1.—Standard quality baseball and a pitcher's glove, any size.

2.—Bamboo Fishing Rod and Tackle.

3.—Box of student's water color paints —fine quality.

4.—Passe partout outfit, large size.

5.—Brownie Camera No. 1 with two rolls of films and developing powders.

6.—Gold filled locket and chain (20 year quality.)

REMEMBER! Premiums or cash profits; bonus rubber stamps or perseverance prizes go on just the same whether you get a prize or not. The prize is an EXTRA, over and above all other rewards for the boy (or girl) in each class who has the largest number of 'Pictorials' to his credit during July and August.

BOYS at the SEASIDE should not neglect the splendid chance they have among summer visitors. Mention your home address as well as your summer address when you send your order.

NEW RECRUITS WELCOMED to our 'Pictorial' Army at any time. Just drop us a card for a package of 'Pictorials' to start your sales on, a premium list and full particulars of our whole plan.

N.B.—Montreal city boys call at our office for all supplies and for special offer to them.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

ALL ABOARD FOR A BRISK CAMPAIGN

BOYS AND GIRLS

Her Neighbors.

(Richard V. Sylvester, in the 'Observer.')

Mr. Duncan and his daughter Margaret left the church after the Sunday evening service and started toward their home. Margaret, quite in contrast to her usual gay humor, was very silent, and seemed to have entirely forgotten her father's presence until he looked down at her rather quizzically, and softly patting her hand as it lay on his own, said:

'Well, what now, daughter? Are you plotting some dark and terrible deed which gives you that air of awful solemnity? Or are you far away in an enchanted land of dreams?'

'No,' she answered seriously, and paying no heed to his banter. 'I was thinking of what Mr. Carter said about loving our neighbor as ourselves; I don't exactly understand what it means.'

'Do you remember, Margaret,' her father said, 'that last Sunday night Mr. Carter's text was the first half of that verse? Well, dear, it seems to me that if we obey the first clause, obedience to the second will naturally follow.'

Margaret said no more, and on reaching home she kissed her father and mother goodnight, and went up to her room. The moonlight shone in a broad band across the floor, and after taking off her hat and gloves, she went over and sat down by the window, where for a long time she stayed, her thoughts still full of the words to which she had just been listening. She had been deeply impressed by the earnestness of Mr. Carter, as he repeated his text: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and had heard very little of the sermon, for these words kept repeating themselves to her, over and over again: 'Thy neighbor as thyself.' Did she obey that command? And then she remembered her father's words; evidently she must go back to the first part of the verse. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind.' How much it meant! She had never thought particularly about this verse before. She knew that she loved God; how could she help it when he had been so good to her? And she had been a member of the church for years, but this meant so much!

Few people would have believed that Margaret Duncan could ever have been troubled by this thought, for to all her friends she seemed the embodiment of all that was sweet and lovely. None of the young people were more active in the church than she, and as a teacher in the Sunday School and member of the missionary and Christian Endeavor societies she was a leader among them. But Margaret felt that she had not given God the love which he would have her give nor did she love others as she did herself. That still puzzled her, but finally she arose, and kneeling down, she asked God to make her entirely his own, teaching her to love him wholly, and to love her neighbor as herself.

All the next day Margaret's eyes were thoughtful, and her mother wondered many times what could be troubling her merry daughter who was usually so bright and full of happy laughter. She scarcely knew whether it would be best to notice it or not, but in the afternoon, as they sat together sewing, Margaret suddenly put down her work. Looking up, Mrs. Duncan met her daughter's serious eyes looking straight into hers.

'Mother,' she said, 'do you love your neighbor as yourself?'

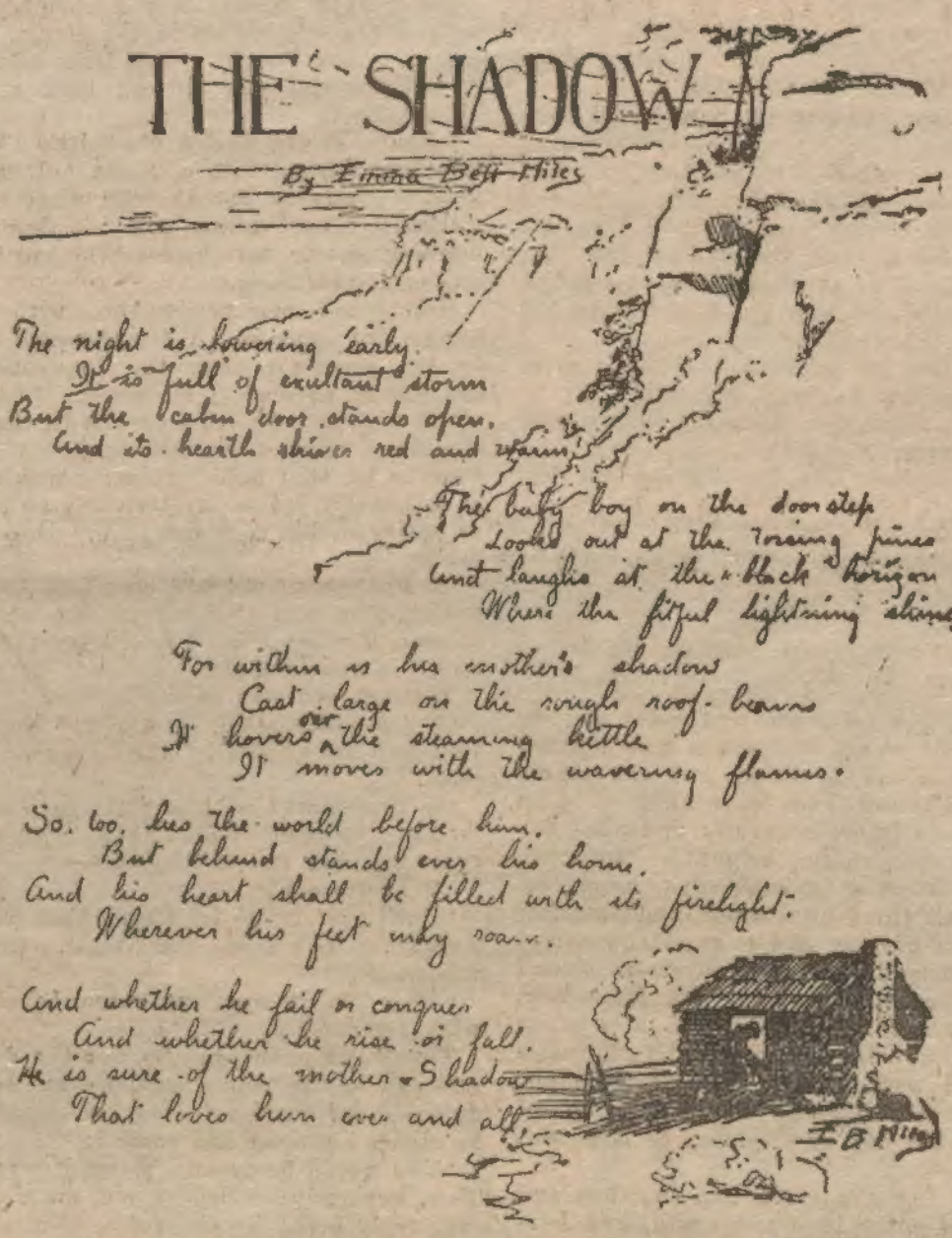
Mrs. Duncan was surprised at the abrupt question, but after a moment's hesitation, she replied:

'No, dear. I'm afraid that self claims much of the love which of right belongs to others.'

'But you are good to everybody,' persisted the girl.

'That may be,' replied her mother, 'but the verse means a good deal more than simply being kind to people.'

'Father says that if we love God we will love our neighbors, too,' said Margaret, 'but I don't understand just how one ought to show love for his neighbor.'


THE SHADOW
By Emma Bell Miles
The night is lowering early
It is full of exultant storm
But the calm door stands open.
And its hearth shines red and warm
The baby boy on the doorstep
Looks out at the roaring pines
And laughs at the black horizon
Where the fitful lightning shines
For within is his mother's shadow
Cast large on the rough roof-beams
It hovers over the steaming kettle
It moves with the wavering flames.
So, too, lies the world before him.
But behind stands ever his home.
And his heart shall be filled with its firelight:
Wherever his feet may roam.
And whether he fail or conquer
And whether he rise or fall.
He is sure of the mother-Shadow
That loves him ever and all.
E B Miles

—The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Duncan, 'if we are entirely consecrated, God will teach us just how he would have us show our love for them.'

That evening there was to be an address by a missionary at the Christian Endeavor meeting. After the opening hymn had been sung, and the president had led in an earnest prayer that the meeting might be blessed, he turned to some one sitting in the front row, and announced Miss Morris, missionary to India. As the missionary rose and stood before them, Margaret saw a small, slender woman, plainly dressed, but with one of the sweetest faces she had ever seen, and a smile which beautified her otherwise plain features. As she talked, Margaret forgot everything but the hopeless misery of the wretched people in far-off India, and she could almost hear the sighs of the wretched women, unloved and uncared for. As the speaker pictured their lives, her sad voice and tearfully eyes were more eloquent than words.

'Do not think of them,' said the missionary, 'as being far away from you in a different world; they are your neighbors, they need your love, and you are they who should tell them the glad tidings of salvation.'

Again that verse about loving our neighbors' Margaret heard no more; she was thinking deeply. Was this, then, what it meant? Was this the way she must show her love to God? The thought was quite new to her, but she could not rid herself of it. When the meeting was over, Margaret went forward with the others and spoke to Miss Morris. After they had talked together a moment, Miss Morris said rather abruptly:

'I wish you would come and see me, Miss Duncan, before I return to India; can you not come before next week Thursday? For that is the day on which I expect to sail.'

Margaret hesitated a moment.

'Thank you, I should like to come,' she replied.

And now a struggle had begun in Margaret's heart which would not be quieted. How could she leave her dear father and mother? they needed her, and she ought to stay with them. And then the words: 'They are your neighbors,' would rearsert themselves, and she could find no escape from them. It was only a little while since she had given herself to God in entire consecration, asking that she might learn to love him with all her heart, with all her soul, with all her strength, and with all her mind; and now she was being taken at her word, and God was calling her to use her consecrated powers for him. The call was too urgent to be thus silenced, she must decide now, and she dared not say no.

The following Sunday, as they sat at sunset on the broad piazza, Margaret told her parents about the meeting and of the missionary's address, and then after a pause, she softly told them of the struggle there had been in her own heart, and that now she had decided to go to India. There was a silence after she had finished speaking, and then her father said in a husky voice:

'While you were still a helpless baby, Margaret, we gave you to the Lord, and if he has called you into his vineyard, we cannot hold you back.'

And her mother, bravely striving to keep back the tears, said tenderly:

'God bless you, my daughter, in your choice.'

So the last fear was removed from Margaret's path, and she could go forth, strong in the Lord, and with the blessing of her loved ones. She could not wait until the day appointed, but went the next day to see Miss Morris. The face of the missionary glowed as Margaret related her story, and when she had finished, Miss Morris said reverently:

'Thank God for sending so swift an answer to my prayer.'

In reply to Margaret's questioning look, she said:

'Before I went to that meeting, Miss Duncan, I prayed that through my words, some one of those young people might be constrained to obey Christ's parting injunction. As I looked over the roomful of bright young faces and saw yours, so earnest and attentive, I felt that your heart was touched, and that perhaps in time you would hear the call in your own heart, but my faith did not expect an answer so soon.'

As Margaret walked slowly homeward, thinking of the way she had been led through her own prayer and the prayer of Miss Morris to give herself to this work, she felt such

a sweet sense of God's nearness, and of his loving care, as she had never known before, and her heart was filled with thanksgiving for all his goodness.

When Margaret had been in India a year she wrote a letter to her mother, from which we will read an extract:

'Mother, dear,' she writes, 'when I look upon the sin and misery of these poor people, I wish that every Christian in America could know the blessedness of bringing light and hope into their dark souls.' And then she adds 'I shall always thank God for Mr. Carter's text: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It was the first link in the chain which led me to India.'

As Mrs. Duncan refolded the letter after reading it to her husband, she said:

'Harold, I think our Margaret knows now what that verse means.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'she has learned her lesson well.'

God Shall Wipe Away all Tears.

(By Marion Garth, author of 'The Garden of Hope,' etc., in the 'Christian Globe.')

The Little Contralto was not really so very little, but she stood between a tall soprano and a still loftier baritone, and the people who screwed round their heads and looked up from the pews below naturally measured her against the surrounding heights. Moreover, 'the' contralto—the soloist—was amply developed in all three dimensions, and therefore the adjective of size was a most convenient one for distinguishing the singer of second rank from her who stood in the front row, and placidly returned the stares of curious worshippers; for the wealthy and fashionable congregation was rather proud of its choir, and fond of discussing all the singers, but of course it could not be expected to remember all the names.

Now, the Big Contralto and her husband were fond of going to grand opera, and having a little supper afterwards. They did this one Saturday night, and coming out of the restaurant a trifle overheated—for the room was hot—found a cold rain falling.

The result was that a direful soreness settled down on the throat of the Big Contralto, and kept her at home all day manipulating poultices, gargles, and what not. She sent word to the organist to omit her solo from the special musical service in the afternoon. But the organist shook his head. The programmes were all printed on little squares of heavy glazed paper, and the wealthy and fashionable congregation must not be disappointed by the omission of a number; in short, the 'Little' Contralto must sing the solo.

The buttons on the Little Contralto's tailor-made gown had their hands full as she walked to church that afternoon, for her heart was so distended with pride and joyful hope that it nearly burst its lodgings.

A stiff, north-west wind had whisked away the rain, and substituted a sky that laughed like a blue-eyed girl, so the attendance was sure to be large.

'This is my great day of days,' she thought. 'Now at last—oh, if I could only flash out like a comet or something, and startle the world! I'm so glad it's Sullivan's "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears." I love it!'

She was very early. When she had climbed the winding stairs and entered the little pen fenced off for the choir from the gallery pews the church was dark and still. A few electric lamps, turned very low, revealed the broad field of red-lined pews below, through which two vergers were walking softly about on the tiled pavements, bringing in the stack of silver collection-plates and making other preparations. The tall memorial windows, untouched by the sun, so far from lighting the place, only cast a rich mantle over the deepened gloom.

The Little Contralto gave one glance round. She was excited, and would have liked to shout something loud, but the vergers were there; however, they were not looking, so she raised her skirts high, swept with exaggerated majesty down to the front row, turned, raised her eyebrows, and bowed loftily to the tenor's vacant chair, to the Big Contralto's, and to the basso's, in gleeful mockery of the haughty soprano's manner. Then she noticed something in the dark corner of the gallery.

'Gracious! There's someone looking!'

And to cover her confusion she dropped on her knees as in prayer.

The person looking was a shrinking little woman, scarcely visible in the gloom, but her thin grey hair caught a ray from some lamp. A widow's veil was thrown back from her plain bonnet.

After a decent period the Little Contralto rose and slipped into a chair. It was her first opportunity for thought since she had learned of her calling and election at the morning service, for the interval had been occupied in practising.

Hers was a sensitive nature, with a great hunger for applause—a temperament crueller to the possessor than the Inquisition—and she was an enthusiast on music. To fill one's world with melody—to preach with that sweet eloquence, richer than ever spoken words can hope to be, that nobler rhetoric which speaks so intimately yet so mysteriously to the germ of purity within each one of us—this was her dream.

'O Professor,' she had once said to the organist, who was also her teacher of singing, 'I would rather "fail" in singing than "succeed" in anything else.'

You see, she was an enthusiast.

'My favorite pupil, be happy! Your ambition will be gratified,' the organist had replied.

'O Professor!' with a little gasp of joy.

'Yes,' he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, 'you will fail in singing——'

'O Professor!'

'Until you learn to forget that you have a voice. You sing too much with your voice.'

'Why,' in an aggrieved tone, 'shall I sing with my ears?'

This was flippant, but he was too deeply interested in the young woman's success to indulge in indignation, so he smiled kindly as he shook his head and replied:

'You would be surer of fame if you could.' Then, seriously: 'Believe me, no singer was ever truly great by the voice. No, the voice may be marvellous, dazzling, like the flashing of sunbeams on the waves, but it is not great with the greatness of the ocean. Mrs. Rossmore has a voice—beautiful—pure—but you feel as if a snowstorm had passed—co-old! Ah, my dear young lady,' springing up and shaking both hands at arm's length towards her, 'your voice can only sing into their ears. You must sing with your "soul" if you would sing into theirs.'

She was thinking of this as she sat in the dark gallery slowly pulling off her gloves. It frightened her a little.

'How can I help being self-conscious, when it is my first solo in church?' she asked herself. 'He says my tones are sticky all over with rules and methods, like fresh stain on wood, and I shall never do anything till they soak in and become second nature. I suppose he is right. Oh, if I should fail—and be laughed at!' Her cheeks burned in the darkness.

Presently a man came in and began to arrange the music on the organ and the stands. Then the lights went up all over the church, extinguishing the glory of stained glass, and bringing out the warm tints of the interior, the red pews, the deep blue ceiling, and the frescoed walls. She saw the little widow now—a sweet face whose hollow eyes and every trait told of bereavement, desolation of the heart, and patient sorrow. Intermittent streams of worshippers began to trickle up the aisles, with a rustling of skirts and a clacking of pew doors. Somehow the Little Contralto's fright seemed to increase with each new arrival. Then the members of the choir came in one by one, and her heart sank. Each one asked for the Big Contralto, who was usually an early arrival. The soprano—the owner of the icy voice—raised her eyebrows and said:

'Isn't that too bad!'

And when the Little Contralto faltered, 'I am to sing her solo,' she was sure the corners of the other's mouth twitched sarcastically.

Then the tenor—she could never bear him, anyway—he gave an unnecessarily protracted expression of regret, and merely said 'Oh!' when the soprano told him of the unhappy little substitute. The handsome basso frankly smiled. This might easily have signified pleasure and good-will, but the Little Contralto knew it was amusement, and hated him. She leaned on the railing with her pale face in her hands, quite miserable, and sorely tempted to give up and go home sick. The variegated throng below, whispering, smiling, settling themselves comfortably on the seats, seemed to her like the pitiless Roman populace lounging at ease in the amphitheatre to enjoy some martyr's death.

At length the organist arrived. He seemed to appreciate her feelings at a glance; for he came down and laid a privileged hand on her shoulder, with a smile of encouragement.

'It will be all right,' he whispered, 'only don't forget to forget that voice. And remember,' tapping one finger over his heart, 'it is greater to stir one human heart than to please forty connoisseurs.'

The choir arose, the building shook with the first rumble of the organ, and the clergy marched in. The Little Contralto's heart-sickness gradually evaporated as the service progressed. The broad swing of the anthems and well-known hymns, the strong voices singing with her, gave courage and confidence. But during the long prayers her nerves became shaky again. While the minister prayed for peace, she was anxiously running over the air she was to sing, and mentally rehearsing its 'pianissimos' and 'crescendos.'

'I shall be more than satisfied if I can get through any way,' she thought; 'I can't hope to do feeling work. I shall feel nothing but that forest of ears turned toward me down there. Oh, if I break down I shall die!'

Then the minister advanced to the chancel rail and placidly read the programme of the 'special musical service,' and when he mentioned the contralto solo she started and blanched as if it had been the first time she had heard of it. It was the second number, following an 'Aria for Bass,' through which she trembled, and locked and unlocked her clammy fingers. The basso sat down, and there was a pause. Heavens! how indifferent the people were! They sat unmoved, dreaming, as if magnificent work like this were an everyday matter. She had often noticed but never before felt it, this heart-chilling, unapplausive propriety of a fashionable church congregation. Then the soprano nudged her elbow, and she stood up quickly in confusion.

It was a crisis. She would have sold her birthright for the command of all her faculties, but they were slipping away like scared dogs. Her feet and hands were cold and her knees trembled. She heaped abuse upon herself. There was nothing to fear! But what is abuse or argument to a stampeded nervous system? The organ was sounding the prelude, and she drew a deep breath and moistened her lips, while her ears roared as if under water.

She opened her mouth and a voice floated on the air. Of course it was her own, but so strange in the stillness that she scarcely recognized it. Before she had sung two bars a woman below turned and looked up into her face, then made some smiling remark to her companion. The singing wavered. Someone up in the front pews coughed, then another answered from the rear; two girls were tittering together over something. 'Oh, they are laughing at me!' thought the Little Contralto; 'I am doing it all wrong—no style, no expression, no more feeling than an old hand-organ. I am failing.' Thereupon she flatted a high note and cut another short to save herself from breaking down, and imagined she heard the tenor whispering remarks to the soprano. There were two pages more of this agony before her—she would rather have had the dentist prying round with his screwdriver in a back tooth—and the hardest part was the knowledge that she was doing herself an injustice, frightful, perhaps irremediable. If she could only control herself, cast off this confusion, forget—ah! the organist was right—forget her voice for one little moment, she might yet save the day.

There came a pause, brief but blessed. The discouraged singer passed her handkerchief quickly across her forehead and cast a timid glance around the balcony. All eyes were upon her, of course. Some were critical, others indifferent; but the little grey-haired widow was leaning forward with clasped hands, and the expression on the deep-lined motherly face was of tender sympathy and concern.

'Your dear little, sorrow-worn soul, I will sing to you,' thought the Little Contralto, with a rush of feeling; 'you have suffered—I will sing this all for you.'

With the stirring of that kindly emotion it seemed as if her inner spirit had burst some

shackle that bound it, and leaped to the air with a deep breath of joy. It met the soul of the master composer pouring again from the great pipes of the organ, and her whole being thrilled with the embrace. They were throbbing in unison—his soul and hers; she sang on, exalted, vivified. One after another turned and looked up in surprise, but they could not shake her, for her thoughts had left the earth behind.

'There shall be no-o mo-ore death,' sang the Little Contralto. Her voice soared away and up and down the great building like a bird that has regained its liberality.

"Neither sorrow nor crying,
Neither shall there be any more pain,
And God shall wipe away all tears—all tears
From their eyes."

The full tones swelled and died in cadences of velvet softness. The end was reached. The Little Contralto started at the thought that she had been singing in church. She had forgotten—lost herself. How had she done? Had she failed? There was a creaking of pewbacks as the people shifted their positions, the coughing began again in all directions, the two girls were still giggling. But the little widow in the dark corner, what was she doing? Gently sobbing in her handkerchief.

And the Little Contralto, too, taken by surprise, just choked off a rising sob; but she knew that she had not altogether failed.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

SIXTH EVENING.

'I've been in Upsala,' said the Moon: 'I looked down upon the great plain covered with coarse grass, and upon the barren fields. I mirrored my face in the Tyris river, while the steamboat drove the fish into the rushes. Beneath me floated the waves, throwing long shadows on the so-called graves of Odin and Friga. In the scanty turf that covers the hill-side names have been cut.* There is no monument here, no memorial on which the traveller can have his name carved, no rocky wall on whose surface he can get it painted; so visitors have the turf cut away for that purpose. The naked earth peers through in the form of great letters and names; these form a network over the whole hill. Here is an immortality, which lasts till the fresh turf grows!

'Up on the hill stood a man, a poet. He emptied the mead horn with the broad silver rim, and murmured a name. He begged the winds not to betray him, but I heard the name. I knew it. A count's coronet sparkles above it, and therefore he did not speak it, out I smiled, for I knew that a poet's crown adorns his own name. The nobility of Eleanora d'Este is attached to the name of Tasso. And I also know where the Rose of Beauty blooms!'

Thus spake the Moon, and a cloud came between us. May no cloud separate the poet from the rose!

SEVENTH EVENING.

'Along the margin of the shore stretches a forest of firs and beeches, and fresh and fragrant is this wood; hundreds of nightingales visit it every spring. Close beside it is the sea, the ever-changing sea, and between the two is placed the broad high-road. One carriage after another rolls over it; but I did not follow them, for my eye loves best to rest upon one point. A Hun's Grave* lies there, and the sloe and blackthorn grow luxuriantly among the stones. Here is true poetry in nature.

'And how do you think men appreciate this poetry? I will tell you what I heard there last evening and during the night.

'First, two rich landed proprietors came driving by. "Those are glorious trees!" said the first. "Certainly; there are ten loads of firewood in each," observed the other: "it will be a hard winter, and last year we got fourteen dollars a load"—and they were gone. "The road here is wretched," observed another man who drove past. "That's the fault of those horrible trees," replied his neighbor; "there is no free current of air; the wind can only come from the sea"—and they were gone. The stage coach went rattling past. All the passengers were asleep at this beautiful spot. The postillion blew his horn, but he only thought, "I can play capitally. It sounds well here. I wonder if those in there like it?"—and the stage coach vanished. Then two young fellows came galloping up on horseback. There's youth and spirit in the blood

THE POOR GIRL RESTS ON THE HUN'S GRAVE.

here! thought I; and, indeed, they looked with a smile at the moss-grown hill and thick forest. "I should not dislike a walk here with the miller's Christine," said one—and they flew past.

'The flowers scented the air; every breath of air was hushed: it seemed as if the sea were a part of the sky that stretched above the deep valley. A carriage rolled by. Six people were sitting in it. Four of them were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer coat, which would suit him admirably; the sixth turned to the coachman and asked him if there were anything remarkable connected with yonder heap of stones. "No," replied the coachman, "it's only a heap of stones; but the trees are remarkable." "How so?" "Why, I'll tell you how they are very remarkable. You see, in winter, when the snow lies very deep, and has hidden the whole road so that nothing is to be seen, those trees serve me for a landmark. I steer by them, so as not to drive into the sea; and you see that is why the trees are remarkable."

'Now came a painter. He spoke not a word, but his eyes sparkled. He began to whistle. At this the nightingales sang louder than ever. "Hold your tongues!" he cried testily; and he made accurate notes of all the colors and transitions—blue, and lilac, and dark brown. "That will make a beautiful picture," he said. He took it in just as a mirror takes in a view; and as he worked he whistled a march of Rossini. And last of all came a poor girl. She laid aside the burden she carried, and sat down to rest upon the Hun's Grave. Her pale handsome face was bent in a listening attitude towards the forest. Her eyes brightened, she gazed earnestly at the sea and the sky, her hands were folded, and I think she prayed, "Our Father." She herself could not understand the feeling that swept through her, but I know that this minute, and the beautiful natural scene, will live within her memory for years, far more vividly and more truly than the painter could portray it with his colors on paper. My rays followed her till the morning dawn kissed her brow.'

(To be Continued.)

*Travellers on the Continent have frequent opportunities of seeing how universally this custom prevails among travellers. In some places on the Rhine, pots of paint and brushes are offered by the natives to the traveller desirous of 'immortalising' himself.

*Large mounds similar to the 'barrows' found in Britain, are thus designated in Germany and the North.

Humor of Medical Missions.

'When we first began work in Chin-Chow,' says a well-known medical missionary, 'I went to visit a mandarin's wife. It is the Chinese custom to give you tea and cakes before allowing you to see the patient. I told them I hadn't come to feed, but to see the lady. She was lying on a bed, which was curtained round. A male doctor is not allowed to see the patient, so the usual thing is to have a slit in the curtain, and the patient's hand is pushed out as far as the wrist, a book being placed under the hand to steady the pulse. A Chinaman thinks you can diagnose any thing—even a housemaid's knee—by feeling the pulse.

The mandarin's wife was suffering from an illness which necessitated the use of the stethoscope; and I suggested throwing the curtains on one side. This simply horrified them. I indignantly made tracks for the door; but when they found that I really insisted on a proper examination, they thought better of it. After I had attended the woman for three weeks she recovered.

I remember one of her attendants who, whenever he saw me, used to cry out: "The foreign devil's coming!" This man, later on, had an ulcer in his leg, and came to our hospital. To make a long story short, he was cured, but it had to be done by skin-grafting. None of my students were willing to part with a bit of skin, so I took a piece off my own leg, and put it on his.

'Now,' I said, as he was leaving the hospital, 'you will not call me "foreign devil" any more.' 'And why?' said he. 'Because,' I said, 'you will remember that you are a bit of a foreign devil yourself, you know!'

Note sent by Chinese patient to Dr. Sarah Keers, Chin-Chow.

'Mrs. Keers.—I feel much obliged if you will please to let me have some more of the small pieces white medicines and some drink medicine for the bottle. Thanking you for my sickness rather well than before, with much obliged,

Yours faithfully.'
—'Daybreak.'

'Yes, I always go to help mamma when she calls me—if I hear her,' answered a small, but honest maiden, when questioned concerning her obedience. 'But sometimes I like to play pretty far off, where I can't hear her.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Key to the Sunshine Box.

It was plain that Elva's old enemy, Ill Temper, had her in his possession again. We were all sorry, too. She had kept away from him for so long a time that we felt she had almost entirely overcome him. But this morning she was very cross. She pulled at her shoe laces until she broke them: scolded grandma when her dear old hands trembled so much that she could not tie the ends together; scolded when she tripped over the rug, and even scolded baby Margaret when she tried to climb

ELVA.

up on her lap. One had to wonder how she could be so cross on such a bright and beautiful spring morning.

'It is very cloudy this morning,' said mamma as they took their places at the breakfast table.

'Yes,' said Uncle Dave, with a shy glance at Elva's scowling face; 'If the clouds keep on gathering, it will certainly take an April shower to scatter them.'

'I wonder where Sunshine is.' said mamma; 'if he were here, they would soon scatter.'

'Sunshine is in his box and cannot get out,' replied Uncle Dave, with another sly glance. 'Good Temper ran off with the key, and we will not be able to see Sunshine until he comes back and lets him out.'

'I wish he would return soon.' said mamma. 'We do miss Sunshine so much; and then, too, we need him all the time. I wonder how we could find Good Temper.'

'That will not be hard to do. Just pull the cork out of the smile bottle and that will soon bring him back. There is nothing that will hold him fast like smiles, but frowns soon chase him away.'

'O, Uncle Dave, how can you tease me so?' And two bright drops on Elva's long lashes showed that the April shower was not far off.

'Why-ee,' said Uncle Dave, looking at his small niece in much surprise, 'we were talking about Sunshine. What makes you think we are talking about you?'

'Because you mean me; you know you do.' And Elva had a mind to get real angry and let the shower come down in a torrent. But she just caught herself. She thought of how she had asked Uncle Dave to show her her faults and help her to overcome them, and in what a kind, jolly way he had just done so. And then she thought how very true it was—Good Temper running away with the key as fast as he could and poor Sunshine longing to get out. Then all at once her rosy face dimpled all over, the cork to the smile bottle flew out, and sure enough that very minute Good Temper came back and let Sunshine out.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

BOYS, If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Sudden Change.

'Well, Johnny, what did you learn about to-day?'

'All about the mouse.'

'That's good. Now, then, suppose you spell mouse for me.'

'I—I—I don't believe it was mouse after all. It must have been rat.'—Selected.

Pussy Willow.

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay—
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her, in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North winds whistle, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight
To a land in such a plight.
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those.
How to fashion them with skill.
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell —We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

—Australian 'Spectator.'

How Three Little Squirrels Went Nutting.

(Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Three little squirrels sat in a row with their tails over their backs. Their mother sat in front of them, and she, too, sat in the shadow of her beautiful bushy tail.

'It is time that you learned to gather nuts,' she chattered.

'Gather nuts for what, Mother?' piped up Chippy Bright Eyes.

'Nuts for us to eat in the winter,' answered Mother Squirrel.

'Where shall we find them?' asked Chippy Long Legs, who had never done anything except play since he was born.

'On the trees, and under them,' replied Mother Squirrel.

'How shall we know what trees they grow on?' questioned Chippy Sharp Eyes.

'You must hunt round until you find them,' instructed Mother Squirrel. 'Now I will plan your work. Bright Eyes must shake the trees and Sharp

Ears and Long Legs must find and gather the nuts as they fall to the ground.'

'But where shall we begin?' chirped Bright Eyes and Sharp Ears with their tails still over their backs.

'Foolish children! Haven't I taught you that nothing ever comes "to" a squirrel?' Mother Chippy scolded, with numerous twitchings of her bushy tail by way of emphasis. 'How do you suppose I ever knew where to find them? Now scurry away, and don't come back without nuts.' she commanded. Then she leaped to the fence and from thence to a tree and was soon lost to view.

Left alone, the three little squirrels jumped to their haunches with their claws upon their breasts, and looked about them.

'I think I heard a nut fall,' chirped Sharp Ears, dropping to his feet.

'I think I saw it fall,' chutted Bright Eyes, getting ready for a run.

'And I'm going to find it,' announced Long Ears with a leap.

Sharp Ears and Bright Eyes followed. And six pairs of squirrel feet were soon rustling around among the dry leaves.

Suddenly Bright Eyes shot up a tree. Sharp Eyes heard a nut fall and caught it and tucked it into his cheek pocket. Down came another, and this was stowed away in the pocket on the other side. A third nut came rattling down and a fourth right after it.

'What will I do when my pockets are full?' called Sharp Ears in a muffled tone.

'Run home to mother,' counselled Bright Eyes from among the tree branches, pelting Sharp Ears with nuts till he began to scold. Then he came racing down the tree with his own cheeks bulging, and inquired for Long Legs.

Now Sharp Ears had been so busy gathering nuts that he had had no time to think of Long Legs. In fact, he had not seen him since the first nut had fallen to the ground, he informed Bright Eyes. Their cheek pockets were so loaded they could hardly make themselves understood; so they resolved to go home to Mother Squirrel with their store.

On their way they fell in with Long Legs whose cheeks were as full as their own.

'Who found them for you?' mumbled Bright Eyes.

'Who picked them up for you?' lisped Sharp Ears.

'I didn't have any help—I did it all myself,' proudly answered Long Legs, dropping a nut in order to speak plainly.

Again the three little squirrels stood in a row before their delighted mother.

'I knew you could find nuts if you set out to,' she chutted. 'You never can do things unless you try.'

Then she sent the three little squirrels to her storehouse at the foot of a large oak tree to deposit their nuts, giving each a loving brush with her whiskers as they scurried past her.

Chippy Long Legs got no more praise than did his brothers, because, as Mother Squirrel wisely informed them, each had done the best he knew how, and no one could be expected to do better.

Tidy Children.

How sad it is when children leave
  Their toys all strewn about,
Their books in heaps upon the floor,
  With covers inside out!

For all good little boys and girls
  Should put their toys away,

And lay them neatly on the shelf
  When they have done their play.

'Tis so unkind to let them lie
  For someone else to clear;
But tidy children always please
  Their nurse and mother dear.

—'Our Little Dots.'

What Tabby Did.

Tabby is our big black cat. We have had her a long time. She came to our house one cold winter night when she was just a little kitten. Mother took her in and gave her some warm milk. She has lived here ever since.

One very rainy night we missed Tabby. We looked everywhere and called her many times, but no cat could be found.

Just when we were going to bed we heard a loud scratching. We ran and opened the door. There was Tabby, with a dirty little white kitten. She had found it somewhere and brought it to her home.

Tabby picked up the kitten in her mouth and carried it to her own saucer of milk. How pleased she was when the kitten began to lap the milk! She purred as loud as she could.

We kept the kitten a few days until we found a home for it. Now it lives in a fine house not far away. Tabby and the kitten are still the best of friends.—'Primary Education.'

What I Would Do.

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do,
If I were you,
O little rose!
If I were a bird,
With nest in a tree,
I would sing a song
So glad and free
That birds in gilded cages near
Would pause, my wild, sweet notes to hear.
That's what I'd do.
If I were you,
O gay, wild bird!
Fair little maid
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true;
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

—Selected.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

CANADA'S NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

(AUGUST)

COVER; BATHING SCENE.

CANADIAN VACATION PICTURES; phases of summer life from P. E. I. to B. C.

KING AND QUEEN PRESENTING COLORS TO THE NEW TERRITORIAL ARMY; Their Majesties' Latest Picture.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES DRESSED AS MINERS; a visit to a Cornwall mine.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO BARBARA HECK, the mother of Canadian Methodism.

Music, Good Story, The Usual Departments Well Sustained, Etc

ONLY 10 CENTS A COPY

At your Newsdealers or direct from the publisher.

ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) will secure a year's subscription to this popular magazine in any part of the world.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., - - 142 St. Peter St., Montreal

Temperance

Temperance Notes.

('British Congregationalist.')

In the recent Medical Temperance Conference held at Norwich two questions that were asked led to answers which cannot be too widely known. The one question was asked by an esteemed clergyman of the city, and it is a question I have often heard propounded both in public and in private. The question was as to the administration of alcohol in cases of fainting, and whether if it were disallowed there was anything to be given in its place?

To this Mr. A. Pearce Gould answered that alcohol was most certainly not a proper thing to give under such circumstances. It did not help the patient to recover. The treatment should be first to lay the patient out horizontally, then loosen the clothes about the neck, clear away from the patient the friendly officious bystanders, so as to admit free access of air, and then get the patient to sip, not to drink, some hot fluid, such as hot water, and a little later hot milk or tea.

Not long ago I heard a physician say that in some cases of apparent fainting alcohol was even a dangerous thing to administer, and would be certain death. There is a widespread opinion, and it even prevails among teetotallers, that it is necessary to have brandy at hand to administer in emergencies of this nature. This is but an ancient superstition, without any basis in fact, as are many of the prevailing notions in respect of alcohol. Science is relegating many of them to the limbo of false ideas.

At this conference the same clergyman asked whether there was not a negative value in alcohol. If alcohol was so destructive to minute organisms as mentioned by one of the speakers, would not it be also an excellent destroyer of deleterious microbes?

On my addressing this question in writing to Mr. Pearce Gould I find that his answer is most conclusive. It is this: 'It would be absolutely impossible to get sufficient alcohol into the blood to kill deleterious microbes. A solution strong enough to do that would be absolutely fatal to the individual, so that there is nothing whatever in the point thus raised. On the other hand, the effect of alcohol on the human tissues is to render them less able to resist the inroad of microbes or to destroy them by their own germicidal powers.'

I remember reading in the most interesting accounts which the late beloved physician, Dr. Ridge, has left us of some of his experiments, how that he had once thought that the alcohol which was so injurious to the cells of human protoplasm might also help to neutralise the microbes which spread disease in the body. He found, however, that precisely the contrary was the case. In solutions of alcohol which proved fatal to protoplasm, the deleterious microbes became even more lively, multiplied at a prodigious rate, and appeared to be quite at home in their new liquid. Dr. Ridge found that the microbes of health were paralysed by alcohol, but those of disease were made more prolific and lively.

'The Curse': A True Incident.

(F. Willey Turner, in the 'Daily News.')

Hearing that I was about to go up to town, an old friend called upon me and placed a sealed and directed packet in my hands. 'You will do me a very great favor,' he said, 'if you will seek out that address and give her that. You may also say that the door is on the latch to her and her boy; but,' he added, with cruel emphasis, 'not to him.'

By the aid of the Post Office Directory I lost myself in various directions, but helped by sundry 'bus conductors, I found the place at last. It turned out to be a squalid alley, hidden away in a network of dismal streets. To one with the hillside breezes still fresh upon his cheeks, the whole district was a revelation of wretchedness and misery. A courteous policeman stopped me as I ventured down. 'You'd better cover that up, sir,' he said, pointing to my watch chain; 'it's not a safe place down there.' A barefooted urchin strutted after me, in impertinent imitation of my gait, as I passed into the forbidding slum, which was turgid with unwashed children. At the door of the tenement I sought, a dishevelled creature with beery breath, steadying herself by the doorpost, directed me to an upper landing. I groped my way up a dislocated and wheezy staircase, and knocked lightly at the door indicated. In response, an emaciated woman, with large pained eyes, looked out at me. We had not met for years, but the recognition on her part was instant.

'You, Benedict, you!' she said in a surprised tone, giving me the nick-name of long ago; and then a sudden tremor passed through her. 'You—you have not brought me bad news; father is not—.'

'Your father is well, Maggie,' I hastened to assure her; 'and I'm come at his request to give you this.'

She took the packet and kissed the superscription. 'Dear old dad,' she murmured; 'dear old dad. Now you have found me, Benedict, do come in and tell me all about the dear old place; I never cease to think of it, though it seems like a dream to me now.'

I entered the room she called home—so different, so very different from the quiet elm-sheltered villa she used to call by that name. A rusty bedstead was the only semblance of furniture in it, while several boxes did duty as chairs. The window panes of shattered glass were held together by strips of newspaper pasted across the cracks. In the grate was a handful of sticks and coal, but it was not lit. The desired information given, I repeated her father's words.

(To be continued.)

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

2938.—Ladies' six-gored skirt, with raised waistline.—This is one of the advanced models, which may be developed advantageously in any of the summer materials. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

2649.—Ladies' eight-gored skirt, closing at left side of front and having habit back.—An excellent model for the general knock-about skirt of thin serge, wool-batiste or flannel. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

2610.—Ladies' 'Gibson' shirt-waist, with Mousquetaire sleeves having lining.—A charming pattern for the more dressy models of China silk, flowered organdie, silk-mull or chiffon. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

2389.—Ladies' one-piece night-gown, slipped over the head.—This simple little model is adaptable to nainsook, muslin, thin cambric or dimity. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Medical Sharks.

(By John T. Miller.)

I am convinced, after a careful investigation, that every possible effort should be made to warn young people against medical sharks. Those who have early in life been guilty of secret vice easily become the victims of these medical fakirs, who have no character and could not work their graft without the assistance of reputable newspapers which accept their advertisements. Such unfortunate young men, in most instances, would not ask the advice of a reputable physician in their own community; but place confidence in these disreputable pretenders. My labors during recent years have brought me in contact with honorable young men who have been unfortunate enough to become the victims of these medical sharks greatly to their injury and sorrow.

Parents and teachers have in the past neglected to give boys and girls the positive training in sexual purity that would guard them from the vices of youth; as a result, many have fallen into vices and when they see an advertisement in a paper, in which the impossible is promised, they easily become vic-

MADE IN CANADA
GILLETT'S
LYE
GILLETT'S
PERFUMED
LYE
Is the Standard Article
READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY
For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.
Useful for 500 purposes—Sold Everywhere.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

ORIENT TRAVEL LEAGUE
for
BIBLE TEACHERS & STUDENTS
organized by
Dr. John Bancroft Devins
Editor N.Y. "Observer."
in connection with the
CRUISE of the ARABIC
To Madeira, Spain, Mediterranean, Holy Land and Egypt.
SAILING JANUARY 20, 1910
under direction and management of the
WHITE STAR LINE
73 Days of care free travel by a palatial twin screw steamer for only $400 and up

Address WHITE STAR LINE, 118 Notre Dame street W., Montreal, Can.

tims of the quackery. It is most essential that the youth be properly taught by word and example to think pure thoughts and live a clean, pure life; but we are even to-day not giving sufficient attention to such instruction, and inasmuch as the evil exists, it is the duty of every parent and teacher to protest against the publishing of advertisements that are positively harmful to the youth. Every youth should be taught that the only way to gain vitality that has been lost by abnormal living is to observe the principles of health that should be made familiar to every child.

Purity in Schools.

(By Belle H. Mix.)

The heavenly Parent has made possible the impartation of truth concerning the reproductive powers in terms so chaste as to bring no blush to the cheek of the innocent child of culture and clean inheritance, yet so simple that the boy or girl from the slums could not mistake their meaning. Strange it is, that the cry of the children for light on the origin of life has been so long unheeded or shamefully evaded! Life that all so love!

Why should the story of the beginning of that which is so highly treasured be hidden in foul fogs of fear and deceit? Let the school speedily become a promoter of that knowledge for lack of which the people perish.

Many parents are prevented from giving needed instruction through the fear that childish lips will put them to confusion by questions referring to their own obedience to God's laws governing sex-life and its relations. Teachers may in a measure make amends for the omission in the house. Could the inmates of insane hospitals, penitentiaries and reform schools make known the steps by which they were first led astray, the results of neglected responsibility on the part of parents and teachers would produce an awakening to duty in the home, and physiological instruction in school would no longer ignore the most important physical powers. Children will be easily impressed by the reverently told 'story of life.' They do not see evil in creative functions until taught to look at these mysteries through the perverted moral vision of their elders. As Frances Willard stated in one of her annual addresses, 'The great difficulty is that adults have not been taught to think purely of all things pertaining to sex.'

Yet impure thinking is inevitable, so long as impure practices prevail, and society and law sanctions the perversion of creative powers in the marital relation. When this ceases to be general, there will be a multitude who are truly 'pure in heart and see God' as clearly in right sex relation, as in the springing grass, the opening flower, or the star-lit sky.

Raspberry Tart.

Line a deep earthen pie dish with pie crust and fill the dish up with the berries, sprinkling them thickly with sugar. Roll out an upper crust a little thicker than the under crust and larger than the top of the pie. Spread this on top, but do not press down the edges. Bake in a moderate oven. Make a custard as follows: Put a cup of rich milk in the double-boiler and place over the fire to scald. Mix a level teaspoonful of corn-starch with a little cold water or milk and add to the hot milk; then add a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat the whites of two eggs and add to the mixture. Stir and cook a moment, then remove from the fire and stand the dish in a basin of cold water and stir until the custard is cold. When the pie is baked carefully remove the top crust and pour the custard over the fruit; replace the crust and let the pie get perfectly cold before serving it.

Apprehension.

Don't you trouble trouble
'Till trouble troubles you,
Don't you look for trouble,
Let trouble look for you.

Then don't you trouble trouble
'Till trouble troubles you
You'll only double trouble
And trouble others too.

—Selected.

Religious News.

(Continued from page 2.)

ing their teachings in any way. The people are said to be drifting away from all belief in the church and from the control of the priests. One of their priests states that while in some villages a number still attend mass, in others the church was so deserted that on Sunday mornings the attendance consisted only of the priest, his servants and the sexton, while in some churches grass was growing between the stones on the floor. It is sometimes heard, 'We do believe in God, but we do not believe in the priests.' M. Boissonnas, secretary of the Société Centrale, recently reported that in some parts of the country no religious ceremony has been held for ten years.

The French Congo, in western Africa extends from the Atlantic Ocean inland along the right bank of the Congo River, and contains about ten millions of people, upon an area of 450,000 square miles. Besides the Roman Catholic missionaries, American Presbyterian and French missionaries are at work. The Paris Missionary Society entered the field twenty years ago at the request of the Presbyterians, who had difficulties with the French officials over the language to be used in the schools, and desired to limit themselves to the extreme northwest of the colony (Libreville and Angom). The French missionaries were at first welcomed and aided by the officials, but are now being treated with indifference, yet they are unhindered in their work, which extends along the river Ogowe. The chief work is educational, and four boys' and two girls' schools have been founded upon the four stations. About forty native helpers preach in the villages, where 2,500 native Christians are found. Few women have been converted, and thus a Christian family-life is almost altogether lacking. Eleven European missionaries and two lady teachers are at work, but more are much needed because of the calls from other parts of the field, where the soil is being prepared by native Christians who are not in the employ of the missionaries, but preach Christ wherever they go. A most encouraging sign indeed.

Reports to the Anti-Saloon League from 22 States up to within a few days before the holidays of 1908-09 placed the number of saloons put out of business during the year at 9,974. Additional reports received since from other States bring the number to more than 15,000 saloons expelled last year. More than 325,000 square miles and a population of 4,300,000 were added to the prohibition territory of the United States in these recent conflicts. There are now about 38,000,000 people living under prohibition, as contrasted with about 6,000,000 in 1893.—'The American Issue.'

Church Chime Peal BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

SEND $1 Receive 4 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., London, Ont.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single Copies	$ .40 a year
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and Suburbs excepted) Newfoundland and the British Isles also for Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia Gibraltar, Hongkong, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Malta Mauritius, New Zealand, Northern Nigeria Sarawak Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Transvaal, Trinidad Tobago, Turk's Island and Zanzibar.

U. S. Postage 10c extra to the United States, Alaska Hawaiian and Philippine Islands except in clubs, to one address, when each copy will be fifteen cents extra postage per annum.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

TRY ONE—TRY ALL!

The **'Witness'** For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys pagee, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.)

'Daily Witness,' $3.00 a year.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' $1.00 a year.

(Foreign postage extra.)

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample. $1.50 a year to all parts of the world.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. $1.00 a year to all parts of the world.

The **'Northern Messenger'** speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.—Subscription rates above.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Publishers of 'Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Northern Messenger,' agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

This Pretty Waist for $2.95

The illustration is an exact reproduction of the waist. They are made in our own factory under expert supervision, and every little detail is carefully looked over before they are allowed to go out. We consider this one of the best waist values we have offered for many a day, and the way the last lot we advertised were snapped up was evidence enough that you fully recognize good value when it is offered. Don't miss this lot.

GW-244—Pretty waist of fine quality Chiffon Taffeta in new military style, front trimmed with soutache ornaments, tucked back and front, Gibson pleat over shoulder, new high collar, black, navy, brown, sky and champagne. Sizes 32 to 42. Special **$2.95**

$1.00=SOFT OR STIFF HAT=$1.00

These Hats are not the ordinary dollar ones, commonly sold in most stores as being a great bargain, but are a special effort of a large English maker to get more business in this country, hence, we can make this exceptional offer.

They are made from very fine grade pure English fur felt of a splendid wearing quality and will hold the color to the last. The trimmings are such as you will find only in hats at double the price, and this, combined with the most up-to-date styles for season of Spring and Summer, 1909, make it a hat that will pass muster in any company. Color, Black only. Get one at this special price - - - **$1.00**

ADDRESS ORDERS TO

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA